

Arc, Then Ile leave you: you are a Beast now:

Pal. As thou makst me, Traytour.

Ar. Ther's all things needfull, files and shirts, and, per.
He come againe some two howres hence, and bring
That that shall quiet all,

Pal. A Sword and Armour :

Are. Feare me not; you are now too fowle; farewell.
Get off your Trinkets, you shall want nought;

Pal. Sir ha :

Arç. Ile heare no more.

Pal. If he keepe touch, he dies for't.

Scæna 4. Enter Taylors daughter.

Daugh. I am very cold, and all the Stars are out too,
The little Stars, and all, that looke like aglets :
The Sun has seene my Polly : *Palamon*;
Alas no ; hees in heaven ; where am I now ?
Yonder's the sea, and ther's a Ship; how't tumbles
And ther's a Rocke lies watching under water;
Now, now, it beates upon it; now, now, now,
Ther's a leak sprung, a sound one, how they cry?
Vpon her before the winde, you'l loose all els:
Vp with a course ortwo, and take about Boyes.
Good night, good night, y'ar gone; I am very hungry,
Would I could finde a fine Frog; he would tell me
Newes from all parts o'th world, then would I make
A Carecke of a Cockle shell, and sayle
By east and North East to the King of *Pigmes*,
For he tels fortunes rarely. Now my Father
Twenty to one is trust up in a trice
To morrow morning, Ile say never a word .

Sing.

For ile cut my greene coat, afoote above my knee,
And ile clip my yellow lockes; an inch below mine eie.
hey, nonny, nonny, nonny,

He's buy me a white Cut, forth for to ride
And ile goe seeke him, throw the world that is so wide
bey nonny, nonny, nonny,

O for a pricke now like a Nightingale, to put my breath
Against

Against. I shall sleepe like a Top else.

Scena 6. Enter a Schoole master. 4. Countrymen; and
Baum 2. or 3. wenches, with a Taborer.

Scb. Fy, fy, what tediousity, & difensanity is here among ye? have my Rudiments bin labourd so long with ye? milkd unto ye, and by a figure even the very plumbroth & marrow of my understanding laid upon ye? and do you still cry where, and how, & wherfore? you most course freeze capacities, ye jave Iudgements, have I saide thus let be, and there let be, and then let be, and no man understand mee, *proh deum, medius fidius*, ye are all dunces: For why here stand I. Here the Duke comes, there are you close in the Thicket; the Duke appeares, I meete him and unto him I utter learned things, and many figures, he heares, and nods, and hums, and then cries rare, and I goe forward, at length I sing my Cap up; marke there; then do you as once did *Melanger*, and the *Bore* break comly out before him; like true lovers, cast your selves in a Body decently, and sweetly, by a figure trace, and turne Boyes.

1. And sweetly we will doe it Master Gerrold.

2. Draw up the Company, Where's the Taborour.

3: Why *Timothy*.

Tab. Here my mad boyes, have at ye.

Sch. But I say where's their women?

4. Here's *Fritz* and *Maudline*. (Barbery.)

2. And little *Lucie* with the white legs, and bouncing

1. And freckled *Nel*; that never fail'd her Master.

Sch. Where be your Ribands maids? swym with your Bodies

And carry it sweetly, and deliverly

And now and then a favour, and a friske.

Nel. Let us alone Sir.

Sch. Wher's the rest o'th Musicke.

3. Dispersed as you commanded.

Sch. Couple then

And see what's wanting; wher's the *Bavarian*?

ly friend, carry your taile without offence

Or scandall to the Ladies; and be sure

You rumble with audacity, and manhood,

G 2

And